Yorks

Vicar of Wakefield

Dr. H. A. Allbutt,
24, Park Square, Leeds.
March 21st. 1899. (Raine Vol. 29/-).

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THE PINDAR OF WAKEFIELD;

OR,

A TRUE NARRATION

Of the unparalell'd Victory obtained against the Popiſh Army at the taking in of *Wakefield* in *Yorkeſhire*, by the Lord *Fairfaxe* his Forces, *May* 20. 1643.

As it was ſent in a Letter from one in that Army, to his friend here in *London*, not altering it from his native tone, more like *Chaucers* Engliſh, then ours here.

Beſides an advertiſement of great Concernment.

London Printed in the yeare, 1643.

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As it was ſent in a Letter from one in that Army to his friend here in London, *not altering it from his native tone, more like* Chaucers *Engliſh then ours here.*

Beſides an advertiſement of great Concernment.

My Barne,

I Have had many a Caude heart of my awne, it is lea lang ſince I had onny wit of thy being weele, I was ſare flade thou wert gane from the canny City of *London* to leuke abrade for better warke, whilke I trow will be far warſe than to ſtay at hame: I have been too too jolly ſince my entertainment under the guide Lourd *Fairfaxe*, whea loves God, Religion, the King, and his Countries

guid in his saule, and has nea ends of his awne, God knawes, my Lourd is about to send a fallow of purpose to the Parliament, of hate warke we have had lately in the taking of *Wakefield*, which I desire to unfauld to thee, and tell my Neeme *Wully* of it. On Saturday last, being twea dayes since, my Lourd Generall gave Command that ane thousand of us of the foute, and eight or neene Troopes of horse, with twea or three companies of Dragoones should march about Saturday last tea a place called *Howley*, the Lord *Savils* house, where we all met about ane of the clocke at night, and it was varry mirke, and the *Ginny Howlets* cryed fare, and we had nea orders whilke way to march, at last Sir *Thomas Fairfaxe*, wheas Command we were to gange by, asked us if wee wauld follow him, we all cryed ane and all, we would live and dee with him, sea we marched on twea miles, and stumbled on the quarters of our deedly enemies, and gard them run fro us, and we tooke neither mare nor lesse then ane and twenty prisoners, and laid foure asleep for evermare: by that time the Larke began to sing, we were within a mile of *Wakefield*, and about foure a Clocke there appeired a body of Horse advancing with speed towards us, which scard us mickle, for we hoped weele to take them napping, but Sir *Thomas Fairfaxe* put life into the Horse, & tauld them they should faire nea warse then he did, and our daughty Serjeant Major said as mickle to the Foute, and thereupon our horse charged sea hame, that they enforced the enemy to flee back into the Town. Then I was my dell with those under my Command to beate them out of the hedges in ane of the Closes on the right hand, where after six times charging we gat the hedges there, as others of our foute did in other places, and we gard them all to their outworkes and trenches in the Towne, but we followed them sea clase, and plaid sea thick upon them (though they shot bullets out of their great guns as thick as hops against us) that wee made them run out of their warks, and we lowped up upon them, and turned ane of their greatest brasse gunnes upon them, which made them cry, *Walloway all was tint and gane*: Then Sir *Thomas Fairefaxe* at the tea end of the Towne scaured the streets, and Leiutenant *Allured* with his awne hands, tooke

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the Generall of the Queens Horſe priſoner, they call him Colonell *Goering*, the Laſſes in the Towne did greete ſare to ſee him ledd away, it ſeemes he is mickle beloved of ordinary weemen, as weele as by the great anes: but whea trow you did I let drive at the entrance of the Towne, ene Sir *William Carnaby* our awne Countreyman, or Mr. *Francis Carnaby*; be meſſe, I is ſuer it was tane or beath of them, and I hit him hame, but alas, when all was maſt done, whea did oppoſe us but a guide freind of ours, Sir *William Lambton* with his Regiment, I was wea at harte for him for his pratty Barnes, for he anſwered our Trumpeter he ſcorned Quatter, but in diſcharge of the imployment I undertooke. on my ſaule I knaw it is mare for the guide of my dread Soveraigne, then the Queene and all her Papiſts in her Army doe for him, I let drive at him, and whewed him ſoundly, and we gard him flee alſo, and tooke a number of his Regiment priſoners; when this was done, the Towne was our awne, and my ſell among others fell a plundering, but we had like to have been whapt for our paines, for our Commander in Chiefe would not let us doe wrang to the Inhabitants, nor ſtrip the common Souldiers, but anely ſearch their pouches for gaude or ſilver; Sir *William Fowler* who Commanded another ſquadron of Horſe, came in at the other end of the Town, and ſtopt the flight of the enemy, if he had come utter, our part had been better; ſea wee tooke noe mare but fourteen hundred ſeaventy twea priſoners, beſides the twenty and one in our march, and ilk one of us brought to *Leeds* a priſoner, being between fourteen and fifteen hundred, whereof the Commanders and Officers here inclyned (which I had from my Colonells awne hands) are a parte, wee brought away with us twenty ſix or tweney ſeven Enſignes Colors, I wat not weele which, and 3. or 4. Cornets Colours, one of them was tane from Sir *Marmaduke Wivells ſonne*, wee brought alſo away with us foure braſſe greate Gunnes with all their baggage Armes, & ammunition they left in the Towne, with divers horſe alſo, and returned (but glory bee to our guid God and not to man for it) with the ſame to *Leeds*, and loſt not in the feight Neene men, about ſixtie wounded, and not aboue fifty of the enemies were ſlayne, for they durſt not bide to feight: Sir

William Carnaby and Sergeant Major *Hotby* and Lieutenant Colonell *Saier* are said to be the anely men of note slaine of the Enemies side; my sell and twenty mare got into the Kirke garth and wee paid them hame with muskett shott from the new e of the Kirke and walls about it: The reason why Sir *Thomas Fairefaxe* would not leave a Garrison in the Towne, was, least the Enemy should get head, and fall upon *Leeds* or *Bradford*, and my Lourds forces are not enough to keepe Garrisons in *Wakefeild*, *Leedes*, *Bradford*, *Hallifaxe*, and *Howley*, and to keepe the Countrey open to bring in provision for supply of our Army; we marvell mickle the Parliament will send us nother mony, nor Armes, nor Horse, which we want mast, if they did we would (with Gods helpe I say still) be other master of the Feild or streiten their Quarters, and open the passage to *Hull*, which would bring in Trade againe to these Clathing Townes, and monny guide things besides; I tell you what you may doe weele to doe, to put into the head of some Parliament man, by way of diversion, I speake as a young Souldier, to send some Forces by Sea to take *Newcastle*, where there was not on Tuesday last aboune 300. Souldiers heire, and at *Tinmouth*, and thou knawest weele their Commander Sir *T.R.* will lop away at first shot: If *Newcastle* were tane you shall have bonny fires awe Winter lang, and the Cavaleers that have interest in the Colliers, and Salt-pans, and Customes, will quickly raise 60000. pound to defray the charges in taking the Towne; by that little Judgment I have of *London*, I am of opinion there is nothing in the world like the taking in of *Newcastle* for them: you have but twea wayes to doe it; by your owne sels In the South; or by our bretheren beyond *Tweed*, if it bee attempted by either, it will enforce all our country men, *Northumberland*, and Bishoppricke men to desert the Queene to defend their owne Country, and then I am sure the *Riddells*, the *Grayes*, the *Lambtons*, the *Widdringtons* and all the Keele-men will leave the Queene, and then three parts of fower of her Army is gane, and shee will bee then in a *Germaine* condition: what course soever you take, doe not take Armes against the Parliament, for though wavering at first, I see God is on their side, and doth mare then man.

Sall

Sall I tell you the Story of an awde wife in *Wakefield* as ſhe was ſitting on the midding wringing her hands and greeting after the feight was done, that ſhe had lived ſea lang, and ſhe had heard of the *Pindar* of *Wakefield*, *Geordy Greene*, and *Little John*, but never thought like doings had beene in the world, and never ſince ſhee was borne did ſhe, and ſhe thinks none elſe in the Towne obſerve the Song of *Geordy Greene* before now, And not ſhift themſelves till Munday, and repeated theſe aude Verſes following:

In Wakefield *on a Greene, upon a Whitſunday,* (*Munday.*
The Maids in Wakefield *would goe dance, Put on your ſmocks on*

She ſwore that aude Mother *Shipton* was a Witch, for ſhe prophe-ſied of theſe times: the reſt of the Letter is matter of privacie, and harder Engliſh to underſtand.

Leeds this Witſun-Munday, May 22.

The List of the Commanders & Officers taken Prisoners, are as followeth:

GEnerall *Goring.*
Sir *Tho: Bland*, Lieutenant Colonel to Sir *George Wentworth.*
Lieutenant Col: St, *George.*
Lieutenant Colonell *Mackmoyler.*
Serjeant Major *Car.*
Captaine *Car.*
Captaine *Knight.*
Captaine *Wildbore.*
Captaine *Rudstone.*
Captaine *Pemberton.*
Captaine *Croft.*
Captaine *Ledgard.*
Captaine *Lasly.*
Captaine *Rally.*
Captaine *Nuttall.*
Captain Lieutenant *Benson.*
Serjeant Major *Carnaby*, and Captain *Nuttall* left woundedin *Wakefield*, upon their engagements to bee true prisoners.

Lieutenants.

Monokton. Thomas. Wheateley. Kent. Nicholson.

Ensignes.

Squire. Vavasour.
Masken. Lumpton.
Ducket. Stockhald.
Balwinson. Davies.
Car. Gibson.
Smaythwait. Ballinson.
Watson. Smelt.
Haliburton. Cornet *Wivell.*

There were in the Towne (he writes) about three thousand foot, eight Troopes of horse, and Colonell *Lambtons* Regiment, which came also to their assistance. There were one thousand five hundred horse and foote of the Lord *Fairfaxes*, which obtained this glorious Victory against them.

FINIS.